

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Fairy's Charm.

BY FRANCES A. GOODRIDGE.

"WELL,—which? A 'once-upon-a-time' story, or 'when-I-was-a-little-girl' one?"

Aunt Lillian was sitting, tailor-fashion, on the grass under the great elm at the side of the house, shelling peas for dinner.

When the twins spied her, it was "good-by" to after-breakfast duties. In less time than Jack Robinson himself could have spoken his name, Thelma and Zelma lay on roly-poly stomachs before their adored auntie, a quartette of sandaled feet nodding airily above their backs. From twinkling eyes and irresistible smiles came the plea for a story.

What aunt thus approached could be heartless enough to glance toward the half-washed breakfast dishes in the kitchen sink; or to frown in the direction of the deserted potatoes on the porch; or to recall the twins' oft-repeated wish that there never were dishes to wash or potatoes to pare? Surely not Aunt Lillian. She was too brim full of stories aching to be told, and besides, listen! she understood just how little girls feel about

some things. So, instead of a disapproving scowl, she was thoughtful for a moment, then came the cheery "Well,—which?"

"Oh, 'bout when you were a little girl," agreed Zelma and Thelma in one breath.

That settled it. To the merry popping of the peas Aunt Lillian began:

"When I was a little girl we lived in the country. Mother had a great deal of work to do, with no one to help her but me."

"Just like ours,—only we're double," interrupted Thelma.

"I had three tasks for every day, and I remember how hard they seemed."

"One more than we have," Zelma broke in, nudging Thelma. "What were they?"

"Making the beds, paring the potatoes, and washing dishes."

Thelma looked at her hands, still pink and moist from soapy water. "And didn't you hate the dishwashing part?"

"Ugh! The potato part was worse! I know!" asserted Zelma, feelingly, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders and a glance toward the kitchen porch.

"Yes, I hated both," their aunt confessed, "until the day I had a fairy caller,—and that's what my story is to be about."

"A truly fairy!" the twins gasped breathlessly.

"Listen and you'll find out."

Aunt Lillian loved the trustful eagerness of those two girlish faces turned up at her.

"It was a Saturday," she began. "I shall never forget how big that pan of potatoes looked as mother placed it on the back steps, with a crock of water on the step above for me to drop the pared potatoes into. I sat down and took the pan into my lap, but I couldn't keep my eyes on the potatoes. They would go up into the cherry tree where a sparrow cocked his head and called for me to come and help him eat the pretty red fruit."

Zelma looked at Thelma and both grinned understandingly.

"After that the potatoes seemed twice as big and ten times as many as when mother put them there. I counted them over three times,—nineteen in all. I began to pare slowly—very slowly. By the time I had finished five the tears rolled down my cheeks and into the pan."

"Dreadful!" cried Thelma.

"Terrible!" added Zelma.

"I hated my task. The longer I looked at it the worse I felt. I remember how I blinked through my tears at the pretty blue sky and wished that I was a bird and could fly away from all work."

"Uh-huh," nodded the twins.

"A number of fleecy clouds floated toward me; one that looked like a fluffy ball hovered above the cherry tree; out of it glided—what do you think?"

"The fairy?"

"Yes, a bright, shiny little figure which landed on the branch by the side of the sparrow. Of course I was terribly excited. I knew by the gauzy wings and the golden hair that it must be a fairy. She wore a filmy gown of soft green, which changed in the sunlight to brilliant rainbow colors that dazzled my eyes. While I was gazing in surprise she fluttered her silvery wings and softly lighted on the hollyhock at my elbow."

"O Aunt Lillian!" squealed the twins, and wriggled nearer to their aunt as though expecting another fairy visit.

"I tried to brush away my tears, for I was ashamed to have this beautiful creature see me crying.

"With both hands she held a tiny lily bowl. As it tipped toward me I saw that it was half full of little globules. Under her arm was a golden wand, ending in a small water lily. Her face sobered as she looked at me. I was afraid she would see my tears, so I began to ask questions.

"Are you a real fairy?' I ventured. She nodded.

"Oh, then you can wave your wand and make things happen.' But she shook her head sadly and answered, 'I have to hold the bowl.'

"A feeling of distrust crept into my heart and I couldn't help saying that I had never seen a fairy carry a bowl.

"I think you've never seen me before,'



By Claude L. Powers.

Arbutus.

BY the road where the dead leaves rustled
Or damply matted the ground,
While over me lifted the robin
His honeyed passion of sound,

I saw the trailing arbutus
Blooming in modesty sweet,
And gathering store of its richness
Offered and spread at my feet.

It grew under leaves, as if seeking
No hint of itself to disclose,
And out of its pink white petals
A delicate perfume rose.

HENRY ABBEY.

she rejoined very gently, 'though I really belong to you.'

"'Belong to me!' I cried. 'Why, I never owned a fairy in my life, or I wouldn't be sitting here paring potatoes. No, indeed, I'd make her wave her wand and the paring would be done before I could lift the knife.'"

Zelma's eyes were like shiny beads. "Of course," she agreed, and Aunt Lillian continued:

"The fairy face grew more sad. She told me I must be thinking about story-book fairies, but that she was not that kind. 'I belong to you, and I'd like to help you if you'd let me,' she said.

"In my surprise I know I shouted quite impolitely. 'Surely I'll let you! Put down the bowl and wave the wand right away!'

"The bowl must be empty first,' she explained, her face growing yet more sad.

"I told her I'd empty it into my pan, but she declared it couldn't be done that way, for the drops were my tears and must remain in the bowl until the water lily unfolded.

"I looked again at the flower and saw that only the outer petals were open; the others were closed in a hard white ball. I was more mystified than ever. What could the water lily have to do with my tears? Then I looked at the fairy.

"What makes you so sad?' I asked. 'The fairy faces in my books have smiles.'

"Perhaps their load is not so heavy as mine," she answered. 'You see, when there are tears in this bowl I have to be very, very careful to keep from spilling them. Besides, the water lily is always heavy when the petals are closed.'

"Won't anything make them open?' I inquired anxiously.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; 'but it all rests with you, dear child.'

"I'm sure my eyes grew big when she said that, and I know I smiled, for I thought she was joking. The fairy fluttered excitedly, and a petal of the tight ball flew open.

"There!' she cried. 'That one little smile has helped. Every time you smile, a petal opens and a tear vanishes from the bowl, so that both my burdens grow lighter.'

"By that time I was a-beam with interest, and I smiled from my heart clear through to my face. Then the fairy laughed.

"It's empty! It's empty!' she cried gaily, and hung the bowl from her golden girdle. Now she could use the wand. I noticed that the water lily had opened wide.

"How did it happen?' I gasped in astonishment. 'Where did the tears go? And how?'

"The fairy's laughter was like rippling music. She danced on the hollyhock as if she had suddenly grown joyous and gay.

"You did it! You did it!' she cried triumphantly. 'You sent out so many smiles that the petals all opened and the tears all disappeared. Now my hands are free to use the wand.'

"In my excitement I stood up and shouted: 'Goody! Goody! No more potato paring for me!'

"At that the fairy stopped in the midst of a joy-dance, and appeared troubled. I was afraid I had expected too much, so I hurried to add, 'At least you'll tell me how to make things easy.'

"She bent over till I felt her silken tresses on my cheek. 'There's just one way, dear, to make hard things easy, and I'll tell you about it if you'll listen.'

"You may be sure I scarcely breathed, for I didn't want to miss a word.

"In the first place,' she began with the fairest of sweet smiles, 'this bowl must be kept empty, and the flower petals open. That is *your* part. Here's the secret: Before you begin a task—especially one you do not like—forget yourself and think of something pleasant—the water lily will do; then repeat this verse three times:

"Look up and watch the flower,
Then smile and see it grow;
Keep busy, and your task
Is done before you know.'

"I confess that at first I was disappointed, for I thought she would give me her wand, but when I thought it over for a minute I believed I understood.

"You mean, dear fairy, that we are to work together? If I help you, you'll help me?'

"Exactly,' she smiled. 'We can do wonders if we only work together.'

"Though I was looking into her face as she said these words, she left me like a breath. Neither did she answer when I called; but I was thankful she had told me the secret before she flew away."

"And did it work?" cried the twins, eagerly.

"Just like the charm that it is," answered Aunt Lillian as she popped the last pea shell, "and I use it now, though I'm a grown woman. You must try it the next time you have a task you do not like and see for yourselves how much it helps."

"Please say the verse again," pleaded Zelma, sending a guilty glance toward the kitchen porch. Together they repeated the lines after their aunt:

"Look up and watch the flower,
Then smile and see it grow;
Keep busy, and your task
Is done before you know."

"I'll go prove it on the greasy platter I hid under the kitchen sink," Thelma heroically resolved as she jumped to her feet and smoothed her crumpled apron.

"And I'll cast a magic spell over those hate—I mean, over those big speckle-eyed potatoes," was Zelma's decision. Then from both came a hearty "Thank you for such a nice story."

Aunt Lillian received a four-handed hug, after which four willing feet scampered back to neglected tasks.

Unique Tenants.

BY ROBERT WARD.

MR. ROBERTS lived in the big red house for several years before he discovered that a part of it had been occupied, no one knows how long, by a strange kind of tenants, and the place in which they lived and worked was just as rare.

This big red house was out in the country, not far up the hill from the old white church with its green blinds, and steeple guarded by lightning-rod; and the tenants were as busy as any factory workers in the city.

They worked both inside and outside the house in summer, but only inside in winter; and their business was making honey—just as much as they could. It was a large colony of workers, and the first year he found them, Mr. Roberts took from their quarters one hundred pounds of honey.

Some years before Mr. Roberts discovered his high-rent-paying tenants, a little crack came into the red siding of the house where the big beam of the second story had shrunk

away from the girt, and somehow the swarm of bees found out that beyond this tiny entrance there was ample space for making and storing all the honey they wanted for their winter supply, and more. So in they walked, asking no odds and making no inquiries or promises about the rent to be paid—proving, however, to be most generous rent-payers.

Their quarters then were under the corner of the chamber floor: the roof of their apartment, some of the wide pine boards of this floor; and the walls of their home were the two long timbers stretching across the large room.

The first colony had to give up their hives, smoked off the premises and killed, to yield their treasure to the stronger. The hundred pounds of honey were held to be more valuable than the lives of the bees, but Mr. Roberts said that then he did not know any other way to get from them the honey he felt belonged to him.

But here and there across the hills the farmers kept hives of bees, and in the summer their numbers increase so fast (the queen bee is said to lay as many as three thousand eggs in one day) that a new swarm, and sometimes even three and four, must leave the crowded hive to find new quarters. Their owners can capture and hive most of these swarms, taking them from the place where they light near-by, but once in a while a more venturesome colony will fly off somewhere, sometimes to a hollow tree. And so, one of these exploring groups came to live and work in the vacant busy-bee apartment of the big red house.

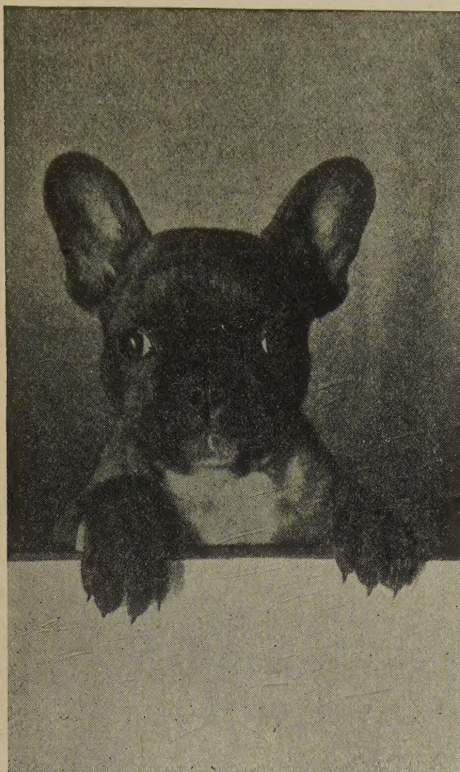
When Mr. Roberts found that tenants were eager to occupy the corner every year he made a partition across from one timber to the other, that the bees might have a square space to work in. They filled this with honey and then crawled under the partition which had to rest on the ridges of plaster underneath, and began to extend their sweet-filled comb along this space beyond—just as much as the season's flowers would let them. They attached the comb to the floor boards which made their roof, but did not allow any comb to touch the plaster of the ceiling of the room below.

So every autumn Mr. Roberts took up the floor boards over his tenants' home, smoked them back into the square room of their suite, and cut off about forty pounds of honey, rent fee. The bees repaired all damage to their property, and when summer came again, immediately took their sweet toll from clover, apple, buckwheat, and all the weed and plant and fruit blossoms that yield the sweet so useful to them and so delicious for you and me.

The colony was not the same every year, because, as among men, bees have defeats and victories in battle. Several times in the springtime, robber bees that found their honey getting short, came, killed the queen bee of the colony, and took off with them the working-bees and all their honey. But in the summer following, the new swarm would come with its queen and take possession.

The most unique tenants were a splendid swarm of Italian bees.

When Mr. Roberts put a new coat of red paint on his house and repaired the loose siding, he was careful to leave a good entrance for his tenants, and right under this he made for them, of a tiny strip of board, a landing on which they could light as they flew home, laden with precious pollen and honey.



How Tony Joined the Red Cross.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"YOU Pep, you come, quick," called Tony to his little playmate. As Pep obeyed his master's words, Tony continued: "You bad dog! Now you stay here, I say," and he flung his arm about the dog's neck. "The boys cannot understand, only you know what I say," he whispered in Italian in Pep's soft ear. "I know what they say, I know what the teacher says, but I cannot make them understand me. When I try, the other boys stop and listen, and laugh, and make me afraid," he went on, speaking in rapid Italian to his playmate.

So Pep and Tony sat on the back steps watching the boys play ball in the ash-heap lot, and Tony, at least, felt very lonely, as only a little boy can feel when he is eleven years old and has not yet learned to play baseball very well.

Perhaps Tony was thinking of his little home in Southern Italy, where the little fishing-boats went out every day, and the blue waves danced in the sunshine, and the people of the village were all very friendly and gay. Tony had left all that, for his father went off to the great war, and he had come to America to live with his brother Pasquale and his sister-in-law, Gilda, Pasquale's pretty wife. His own mother he hardly remembered at all.

Tony was thinking about his teacher's words of the day before. "The Red Cross," she said, "takes care of all soldiers who are fighting in this great war. It buys food for the little children and their mothers in France and Belgium and Northern Italy. It looks after the wounded and sick soldiers. The Red Cross sends nurses to the battlefields. Every penny given to the Red Cross helps a soldier."

Tony was looking, too, at the red crosses which had begun to appear in the windows of the houses all about. "My father is a soldier too," he whispered to Pep, "and the Red Cross is for him." When he went into the house he said to Gilda, "Why don't we have a red cross in our window, too?" "There is

no money," Gilda answered gently. "Pasquale gets money, but food is so high, and we must save to send for my mother to come to America. We have no money to give away."

Pasquale came in just then, carrying his lunch-box in his hand, and Gilda turned away from Tony's questions. Pep snuggled a cold nose against Tony's hand, and the Red Cross was forgotten for a time.

"You remember when you came, Pep?" said Tony to his dog. "You were just a little lost puppy, whose foot was hurt," and Pep understood the rapid soft Italian speech as well as he would have understood English.

Tony was kept awake a long time that night by the voices of the men who came to see Pasquale, to read aloud the Italian papers, and to tell the stories of the brave Italian mountain troops who were holding the line to save Venice. So Tony went to sleep thinking again of the Red Cross and its work, and of the crosses in the windows of the houses.

In the morning an idea came into Tony's mind before he jumped out of bed: "I can sell Pep." Life would be very lonely without Pep, yet somehow the idea kept coming back again and again as he dressed. Then he remembered the stories he had heard the night before of the gallant soldiers of Italy, fighting so bravely in the mountains. "If they can do that, I can sell my dog," he said to himself as he pulled on his shoes. But it was a very sober little lad who gave Pep his breakfast, and the tears almost fell when he whistled for Pep and started down the street.

Tony knew just where to go to find the Red Cross headquarters. The teacher had told that. In a few minutes the Red Cross Lady smiled down at a very small boy holding a wriggling little dog in his arms. "Please, lady, I want a cross. My dog, my Pep, I sell him for it," he said brokenly. "Do you mean you want to join the Red Cross?" she asked gently. "Ah, yes, my father, he is there, in the war," said Tony, looking anxiously into her eyes. The Red Cross Lady smiled, and patted Pep. "All right, Pep shall make you a member," she said. Then she pinned a Red Cross pin on Tony's coat and gave him a cross for his window. "You come to see Pep," she said. "Come every day, for he will be lonesome." Then she wrote Tony's name and address in her book.

Tony trudged down the street, swallowing hard to keep the tears back yet feeling happy too, and clutching his window card in a very dirty hand. That night Gilda fastened the card bearing the red cross in the window for him, while he stood proudly in the street to look at it. Then he went contentedly to bed.

Saturday morning he bounded out of bed the first instant his eyes were opened. "To-day I shall see Pep," he said to himself. As early as possible he went to the Red Cross rooms. There was his dog sitting in a window with a paper blanket on his back, bearing the red cross. Round his neck was a wide-mouthed bottle, in which were some coins, pennies, dimes, and quarters. Pasted on the window was the name "Pep," and under it was a piece written about Pep and Tony by the Red Cross Lady. Tony couldn't read that, and didn't stop to try, for after one look at Pep he rushed in at the door.

"O Lady! O Lady! Is Pep working for the Red Cross? May I pat him and tell him how I am glad?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered the Red Cross Lady. "You may do more than that. It is

time now for Pep's rest and exercise. You may take him out for a walk."

She was untying, as she talked, the cord that fastened the bottle to Pep's neck. The dog bounded to the floor and jumped all over his little master, and they went out together into the street.

Pep's walk was a run. He dashed this way and that, scampering on ahead, then coming back to Tony as if he would say: "Isn't it a fine walk we are having, little master? How glad we are to be together again!"

The time passed all too soon for Tony. At the end of an hour, as he was told, he took the dog back again and saw him settled once more in the window. Then he ran off down the street, with a very big lump in his throat.

That afternoon, as he was sitting on the steps, feeling very lonely indeed, an automobile came slowly down the street. It stopped in front of Tony's own door and the Red Cross Lady stepped out. Behind her was a young man with Pep in his arms, a very happy wriggling Pep. The dog squirmed himself free, rushed up to Tony and jumped on him and barked. The Red Cross Lady smiled and said: "Tony, Pep has earned the money for you to join the Red Cross, by sitting in our window and wearing the Red Cross blanket and keeping the bottle round his neck. Now he has come back to you for good. His paper blanket will give you another Red Cross card for your window. Both of you belong now to our great Red Cross, and Pep is a Red Cross dog." So the Red Cross Lady patted Pep, and smiled, and patted Tony too. Then she drove away down the street.

Again Tony sat on the steps with his arm around Pep's neck, watching the boys play ball. This time he did not feel lonely. "We belong, Pep, we belong," he said, quite loud and cheerily; "and now all the boys know it. Pretty soon they will take me into the games!"

Patience Pays with Birds.

BY BEATRICE M. PARKER.

ONE of the first things the youthful bird observer must learn is to have a full supply of patience. When you see a new bird, do not exclaim to your friend and point it out quickly. If your raised tone of voice does not frighten it away, the quick movement of pointing surely will.

Patience pays! If you are trying to get near a shy bird, cultivate an extra amount of it and don't give up! A wild bird is something like a wild horse. They tell us that a wild horse can be walked down by a man in from one to four days. The man simply walks along and keeps the horse in sight all of the time; he doesn't appear anxious or hurried in his movements, but he simply sticks right to it and finally the horse gets tired of running away and gives in to a superior will. With the bird, it is, perhaps, a little different, but you win out by taking your time and showing patience and confidence in yourself. A bird is curious naturally and wonders what you wish with him. He is suspicious at first and doesn't wish you to get too near, but as you keep at it he sees you intend no harm and he lets up in his watchfulness. You get a little nearer and he finds you do no harm, and before he realizes it he has allowed you to come within a reasonable distance. I know a lady who took a week to get within good seeing distance of



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15 ASHWORTH TERRACE,
HAVERHILL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I write to tell you how much my brothers and I enjoy *The Beacon*. We live a mile and a half from the church and cannot get there stormy Sundays, but my teacher saves *The Beacon* for us, so we do not miss the continued stories. I think the Recreation Corner is such fun! I am ten years old. I would like to become a member and wear the Beacon Club pin.

Your friend,

RUTH L. CURRIER.

HANSKA, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am an old member of your Club, but I wanted to write again.

I live in a village of about 550 people. Mostly Norwegians live in this village. I am twelve years old and I am in the seventh grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Gladys Caldwell.

We have a Little Citizens' League in our room and our motto is to help Uncle Sam. We are helping Uncle Sam the best we can. We go around to the buildings and residences in this town and get all the newspapers, magazines, and waste paper, and then we store it up in the shed, and this spring we expect

to have a carload, and then we are going to send it to a big city to be made into new paper.

In the Second Liberty Loan every one that could put in some money to buy a Liberty Bond.

One Friday the postmaster sold Thrift and War Saving Stamps at the schoolhouse. We expected to sell \$15 worth, but he sold \$135 worth.

Every Friday the girls from the seventh grade to the third-year high school go to the Red Cross headquarters and sew.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. The minister is Mr. Norman, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Blien.

I had a Beacon button, but I lost it, so will you please send me another?

I am your old member,

EFFIE MIDTBRUGET.

Congratulations to the Little Citizens' League of Hanska, Minn., which is doing such good work!

19 HUDSON STREET,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Mission every Sunday. I sang a song Easter Sunday in the church. I was eleven years old last week. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. Every Tuesday I go to the Red Cross. I have knitted two scarves and a helmet and now I am knitting socks.

Yours truly,

NAZLA DERANY.

a nest of ground robins. The first day she took a book out into the pasture and pretended to read. She edged a little closer but did not appear to be paying any attention to the nervous actions of the birds. The time came for her to go home; she closed her book and left the pasture very quietly; the next day she came a very little closer and finally the male bird would sing right close by while she was close enough to the nest to enable her to watch the mother bird "fussing around." Where would she have been if she had been in a great hurry?

No matter how badly you wish to hear that song, take your time; even if you do miss it to-day the same bird will sing again on the morrow and in very nearly the same place. Get there early, and hide away if necessary; only show neither haste nor impatience in any movement you make. Remember the saying of Michael Angelo that "Genius is eternal patience," and that—"Patience Pays!"

May Days.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

APPLE blossoms, tinted fair,
Cherry petals sweet,
Lilac plume and locust bloom
Show'ring at your feet;

Roses glowing on the lawn,
Red and gold and pink,
Larkspur blue, sweet clover, too,
Daisy-eyes a-blink;

Overhead a smiling sky,
Clear and softly blue;
Every day is wreathed with May—
Little folks, for you!

A Trick in Mathematics.

(This is said to have been invented by Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice In Wonderland." He was the professor of higher mathematics in Oriel College in England.)

WRITE down the number of your living brothers.

Multiply by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five.

Then add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the total by ten.

Add the number of your dead brothers and sisters. Then subtract 150 from this amount.

This being done, the right-hand figure will be the number of deaths; the middle figure, the number of living sisters; and the left-hand number equals the number of living brothers.

NORMA BURKE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 9, 16, 21, 14, 6, 8, 7, is not native.

My 8, 20, 10, 11, 8, 14, is a boy's name.

My 22, 16, 17, 19, 18, is substantial.

My 1, 2, 3, 8, 13, 5, is a title.

My 15, 4, 19, 7, 8, is what the bees do.

My 21, 10, 16, 12, is part of a plant.

My whole is what most of us are doing.

ISAIAH CHASE.

ENIGMA LXVII.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 6, 10, 8, is a lion's home.

My 1, 3, 8, 6, is a small body of water.

My 5, 8, is not out.

My 2, 3, 4, 7, is to wander.

My whole is a big city in Rhode Island.

GERTRUDE PALMER.

TWISTED ARMY OFFICERS' RANKS.

1. Eodscn leuactnint.

2. Rtsfi tteennalui.

3. Capnait.

4. Jrmao.

5. Ltenuianet lenoloc.

6. Lloonce.

7. Bgridear eralgen.

8. Rjamo geealn.

9. Tenlieuant rleeagan.

10. Lareneg.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The foundation.

2. A man's name.

3. To hunt.

4. Animals that live in the cold countries.

ISAIAH CHASE.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

We have all heard of men in extremity dire
Who jumped from the frying pan into the fire;
Such separate acts just consider, and find
What town of Arkansas they bring to your mind.
The Wellspring.

CHARADE.

My first is the nickname of a boy,

My second, a letter found in joy,

My third is part of every chain.

If you can't think first, just try again.

My whole is a bird with plumage gay,

That sings in gladness all the day.

The Mayflower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXII.—Buy Thrift Stamps.

ENIGMA LXIII.—Springtime.

BOOKS TO CHOOSE.—Scrap-books, horn-book, cook-books, bank-book, check-books, prayer-book, copy-book, guide-books, song-book, note-books, pocket-books, blank-books.

ANAGRAM PUZZLE.—Constantinople.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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